

# Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

VOL. XIV.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1887.

NO. 200.

## Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Published Tuesdays and Fridays  
AT  
\$2 PER ANNUM, CASH.

understood if we credit that \$2.50 will be ex-  
pected and demanded.

W. P. WALTON.

## GEORGE O. BARNES

GOD IS LOVE AND NOTHING ELSE

— PRAISE THE LORD.

GREENWOOD, MISS., JAN. 27, 1887.

DEAR INTERIOR.—Another little notice before we turn our backs upon the Year 1887, it may be as for ever. The world is so big, time so short, and the work so pressing, that I feel at every place as if I would never have leisure to revisit it. But we may be back in this neighborhood this winter, before returning to Kentucky. No telling. I hear of purposes to invite us to half a dozen places, but they have not taken shape in tangible requests.

Our visit to Greenwood has been unique in this respect; that part of the troupe have been guests with a Jewish family, who have not the least leaning towards Christianity, but like true children of the Patriarch, who welcomed strangers to his tent under the great oak at Mamre—gladly opened their doors to the temporary sojourners in their little town. I hope George and Cousin Judie will turn out to be "angels unawares" to their most hospitable entertainers. God Mr. and Mrs. Sellinger, whom we number with our steadfast friends henceforth, took in our two and Lotie's two girls and were only prevented from sheltering the whole party by the limited size of their little cottage. Their kind hearts were large enough, but rooms gave out. They have two fine, bright boys, trained by their mother in the strictly orthodox Jewish faith, but in such well-ordered obedience that "young America" appears at rather a disadvantage in comparison.

One custom they keep up touches me greatly. At all the outside doors, in a tin box, hung on the right "door post" there is a verse "in the Hebrew tongue," enclosed. It reads: "When I see the blood I will pass over you." Is it not affecting?

Monday night we had a curious interruption in mid-ecumen. Since the meeting commenced two fine birds, pointer and setter, have been in almost constant attendance, with their respective masters. I never saw finer specimens of their kind—of prodigious size and perfectly marked—and they are evidently town pets and privileged characters. As the devil would have it, they came to an open rupture on Monday night, and just as I was trying to enforce a very particular point in my discourse, they "climbed and fit," as the Saltonstall legend has it—and for a brief season pandemonium seemed broken loose. The hoarse growls of the infuriated dogs; the ladies seeking safe places on benches and chairs; men and boys closing around the scene of strife; none to aid in separating the combatants; others to see which would whip; until at last one intrepid friend—"my his tribe increase"—dashed into the melee and regardless of risk, seized the great setter around the neck and dragged him off, bodily, from the scene by main strength. It required a little time of waiting before the storm of diabolical settled to a calm sufficiently serene to resume the broken thread of discourse.

The yellow Yazo has been on quite a rampage since the rain; its swollen flood laden with drift wood and almost out of bank, on the other side. Steamboats pass and repass nearly every day—none of them of goodly size and comely proportions; but small steamers, for the most part; only, in every case, with most aggressive and disproportionate whistles, with which they make the frequent bands re-echo, as they come and go. The daily trains give us regular mails. A great comfort.

Our meeting closed to night in fullest blessing. Five sixths of the entire audience promptly rose to their feet to respond to the call of—"Who is on the LORD'S side?" We were glad and thankful the Master sent us to Greenwood. The dear people treated us generously and we lack for nothing. Praise the LORD! Ever in Jesus,

GEORGE O. BARNES.

LAWRENCE HOUSE, JACKSON, MISS.,

JANUARY 29, 1887.

DEAR INTERIOR.—We left Greenwood yesterday on the 2:45 P. M. train, bidden "God speed" by a number of kind friends, who did us the honor of meeting us at the somewhat distant depot, and accompanied for 15 miles by a few young folks, who wished to have the word with our young folks. I don't think mamma, Cousin Judie or I could have drawn them that far en route.

The run to Jackson was through an uninteresting swamp till darkness hid the uninviting landscape. We passed some very large cotton plantations—notably, one belonging to General Miles, of civil war renown, who owns several thousand acres of very fertile soil, through which the railway runs, greatly to its increase in value. He

has on his estate a very fine forest of cypress trees, untouched by the axe, which he preserves with great pride and care. The track skirts it, quite a way, and it is very interesting as a specimen of what this whole swamp country was once full of, but which is becoming quite a rarity, as the traditional "woodman" becomes more inexorable in turning away from the pleading cry of "spare that tree." The cypress lumber will soon be as extinct as the buffalo promises to become.

It was nearly dark when we passed through Yazoo City, a thriving town of 3,000, which at one time we supposed would probably be our next preaching place after Greenwood. But the invitation hung fire for some reason and we passed it by. We may return to it, if all goes well.

Our branch line takes its time, achieving a maximum speed of about 18 miles an hour, including stoppages, which is all in favor of the rolling stock, but rather bad on passengers. We reached Jackson at 3:30—98 miles from Greenwood—and found our way to the excellent Lawrence House, a few steps away from the depot. A delicious supper soon set us to rights and most comfortable beds, joined with the "patter of the rain upon the roof," made sleep doubly enjoyable. We were hardly housed before it came down in genuine Mississippi fashion.

This morning the glorious sun was shining brightly and so we wait for our McComb train till 4:30 P. M. we have had an excellent opportunity of investigating what there is of Jackson. It will always be associated in my mind with the loss of the dearest friend of my boyhood, who was stabbed to death on Main street, nearly in front of the Capitol. He was provost marshal during the Federal occupation of Jackson, and called upon to do some unpleasant duty that cost him his life, poor fellow. He died in a moment, stricken by a dagger through the heart. I dare to say that no braver soldier, nor more chivalrous gentleman laid down his life during that unhappy struggle than Captain Joseph G. Crans, of Dayton, Ohio. I stood this morning at the very place where he fell and ran over, in imagination, the dreadful scene, enacted on the fatal spot, till my blood ran cold. The first person I questioned, in trying to find out where the tragedy occurred, happened to be an old resident, who saw the poor, slain body a few minutes after the deadly encounter and who described in detail all the circumstances. I shall never forget that bit of pavement where his manly form was once stretched in death, nor the door sill of the store where his head lay pillowed, as his handsome features stiffened in death. It was too sickening to linger long at the dreadful spot, though I could not bear to leave Jackson without making a pilgrimage of love to the place where he met death.

The capital of Mississippi is a straggling city, that I should say looks quite pretty in the summer, when the foliage is all out; but now is not so attractive; just because a loosely-built town shows at its worst in mid-winter. The Capitol is well situated on a crest or swell in the rather undulating landscape, but is only imposing in size and situation. It is time-stained and has rather a neglected look. The exterior stucco is peeled and cracked from the brick in places and the ragged Brussels carpet on the floor of the Senate chamber, and the broken glass littering the halls and front piazza, do not impress the stranger with a sense of neatness and tidy housekeeping. The Assembly chamber is not in session this winter—once in two years being the rule—and this is the off year. Otherwise, the great, square building, with its orthodox dome and great front pillars, is not a bad specimen of architecture.

The postoffice is a handsome new structure and the governor's mansion a stately, old-time building, fully symbolizing the present and the past on different sides of the same street. The suburbs are pretty, with many slightly villas of the Southern pattern.

Altogether, I am very favorably impressed with Jackson. I hope the dear LORD may open the way up to a meeting here some day. It has a nice, old fashioned, warm-hearted look about it. I warrant it is filled up with refined, well bred people—rather exclusive and aristocratic. I should say—at a guess. But I like "the gentry," always have, being a plebeian myself; and I always expect to have a weakness for the "cavalier" rather than the "Roundhead." Is it a weakness? I have never been able, honestly, to settle that question.

Well, I must go to dinner. This is enough for Jackson; *en passant*, I may know it better in future. If I do, I may write about it more intelligently. Adios! Ever in Jesus,

GEORGE O. BARNES.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen has been in existence 13 years, has 17,000 members, and, it is said, has never engaged in a strike. The organization has evidently borne in mind, as a worthy example, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, the best conducted industrial association in the United States.

We splash and skip, we glide and skip, we gleam and growl and jaw, through slush and clog we wade and flap, oh, January thaw! With soaking feet we walk the street, the worst we ever saw; it is no joke to be in soak, thou January thaw—[Barbette in Brooklyn Eagle.

## Fiends on Trial.

[To the Editor of the Interior Journal.]

BARBOURVILLE, Feb. 1.—I have been attending for several days at the trial of six prisoners charged with the murder and arson of the Poe family on the 22d of last October. The case is one of great importance. Mrs. Pamela Worram, Alabama Mills, Brice Mills, Felix Mills, Elias Jackson and W. Rial Smith are the names of the accused parties. All these people lived near to and neighbored with Mrs. Poe and family. The persons burned were Mrs. Kittie S. Poe, Mollie Poe, Axie Poe, Laura Poe, Pauline Poe, William Archer Poe, Mary Carns and Malinda Barnes. All were burned, but a few of the bones of each, which were gathered up and placed in a box and buried. The place where all this occurred is in Knox county, about 12 or 15 miles from town. The parties implicated are well-to-do for that portion of the county. It is admitted on both sides in this case that witnesses can be procured in that vicinity who will swear to almost anything. Like all other neighborhoods, there are of course some good citizens. Almost every person with whom I have talked believe them guilty of the offense charged.

The first testimony was taken in the case on last Tuesday. About 50 or 60 witnesses were examined by the Commonwealth, while the six defendants and five or six witnesses have been examined on the other side. A large number of other witnesses have been summoned on the part of the defense. The Commonwealth will then offer a few witnesses in rebuttal. Mr. W. A. Poe, an old man, who seems almost prostrated with his great grief, was the first witness placed upon the stand. His testimony in substance is as follows: "I live in Bell county, Kentucky; was living on the waters of Stinking Creek, in Knox county, in last October; my family, consisted of a wife and five children, and a girl whom I was raising and a hired girl; I was away from home working at the log business, when my family was burned; a man named Collett came to Stony Fork of Straight Creek, where I was at work, on Saturday, and told me that my house was burned the night before. I started immediately and arrived a little before dark at the burned house; there were several people there and they had the remains of the bodies laying on a work bench in the yard; I noticed Mrs. Worram was there and seemed to be doing all she could and was very much affected; I was so much excited that I don't know who all were there; the house was a 1½ story log house, two rooms and a hall between them; a stone chimney at each end of the house; two windows in room where family stayed, one 12 10x12 and the other a 6 light 10x12 window; one window was in side of room and the small one on one side of chimney at end of the room; had some gold and silver money in the house, about \$40; found none but one 25, one 10 and one 5 cent piece in silver; wife had breast pin and ear-rings; found none of them; had ring on her finger and others in trunk; none of them were found; had three zinc trunks, one cotton mattress, with steel spring in each corner; none of them were found; also had feather bed and sewing machine and could find nothing left of any of these things; part of another body was found afterwards lying partly in the fireplace; it was not burned so badly as the others; I rented the house from Tom Gambull, a brother of Mrs. Worram; he came over the day I moved to put me in possession of the place and he and his sister had a few words with each other; this fuss was finally settled and she helped him put some of her things out and said to me, 'This is your day, but mine will come after awhile.' After that she seemed to be friendly; she and my wife visited each other and were friendly. I think Felix Mills and Alabama Mills were with Mrs. Worram at the burnt house when I got home."

The principal part of Caroline Rich's testimony was to the effect that she stayed at Mrs. Worram's and that Mrs. W. left home about 3 o'clock Friday evening, saying she was going to haul in some corn; she took the cattle and a sled with her; she did not come back for supper, but came between 12 and 1 o'clock at night; did not hear them say anything about burning the house.

Another witness said she heard Mrs. W. say the house would be burned; heard Brice Mills say the house should be destroyed.

Mrs. Worram, the principal defendant, said: "I was at home the night the Poe house was burned; I did not burn the house and did not know anything about it until Saturday about 1 o'clock. Jim Bingham told me about it first; I went at once to the place to see if I could do anything; helped to put out the fire around the burning bodies; the house was all burned down, except the mill; I stayed up there till about 12 o'clock or 1 o'clock and went home; Felix Mills and Alabama Mills went home with me."

Each one of the other defendants testified as to their whereabouts on that night, but have not been able up to this time to prove an alibi by any other parties. But they may do so yet. I do not believe they can, though. The testimony will probably be all in to-day. The opinion is that all the parties will be held.

—LATER.—A dispatch announces that all of the bloody fiends were held without bail.

## CRAB ORCHARD, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—Our town is unusually quiet this week, consequently there is a dearth of news.

—Rev. J. Q. Montgomery will preach at the Christian church next Lord's day and at night.

—Mr. Will Land has rented rooms in the corner hotel and gone to housekeeping there. Mr. Lou Pettus no longer smiles at the ladies behind the postoffice stand, having resigned his position there.

—Rev. John R. James, of Somerset, has been unanimously called to preach for the Baptist church here, and not only the members of that church, but all denominations earnestly wish that he will accept the call.

—Mr. Tom Carson is improving. Mr. McHolmes and family are all about well again. Mrs. Kate Chadwick, Misses Hettie Harris, Fannie Ridd and Mr. George James are on the sick list this week.

—The second term of the High School, taught by Mrs. Tarrant, began last Monday. Some 40 odd pupils' names are enrolled on the books and more are expected in a few days. Mrs. Tarrant's assistant teacher will arrive next week.

—Misses Lura and Lella Doores have returned from a visit to Miss Elma Baker, near Shelby City. Misses Mary Edmiston and Lizzie Hunter are mingling with friends in Stanford. Dr. Joe Graham and Mr. Morris Harris went to Louisville Monday. The latter expects to enter the list of traveling salesmen. Miss Maggie Davis is visiting friends in Garrard. Mr. John S. Edmiston paid a flying visit to the folks at home this week. Miss Kate Davis is in the country with Mrs. Harrison Thurmond. Rev. J. M. Bruce's pretty wife accompanied him here last Sunday.

## Letter From Missouri.

[To the Editor of the Interior Journal.]

RAYTOWN, January 27.—Through the kindness of my old friend and associate Mr. John Tarrant, of your county, I have been a constant reader of your valued paper for several years. It is like getting news from home, besides, I see in it so many things I heartily approve of, and so few that are distasteful, I must place it above the average journal of to-day. It may be that I am a little partial to my native State, though the society of Jackson county, Missouri, is as much like that of Stanford and vicinity as any two places could well be. This county, or the neighborhood in which I live, was originally settled by Kentuckians, some having lived here for 50 years or more. The old stand-bys are going one by one, and their places are being filled by eastern people and in fact men from every nation under heaven, from the Sunny South to the ice bound regions of the North. They are a new people and with them come new enterprises and new ideas. In the public school system, for instance, this county is far ahead of Kentucky or any of the older States. It seems the newer the county the better facilities for gaining an education, yet these things must be paid for and the tax receipts we get each year would make our old friends about Stanford open their eyes, if they had such bills to meet. It has been as high as \$2.50 on the \$100, yet the people meet them without much complaint.

Since the "land boom" about Kansas City, we are all rich, very rich. Indeed how can we help it? When a man can afford to pay 40 cents per bushel for oats, sow them on land worth from \$200 to \$600 per acre, raise 30 bushels per acre, sell them at 20 cents per bushel and live you know he must be rich. Such will be the condition of very many people in Jackson county the coming summer. It is evident that there are people in this world with more money than brains.

This county experienced the longest drouth the past summer and fall it ever had. It has been reasonable since October, but not enough to start the springs or fill up the wells. Stock water is exceedingly scarce. Barns and corn cribs are about as empty of feed as the springs and wells are of water. Almost every farmer is buying feed.

A. M. WOODSON.

—The strike of the 1,800 employees in Lorillard's tobacco factory at New York has ended after a month of self-enforced idleness in a complete failure to secure their demands.

—Mrs. Wackerie, of St. Louis, after 15 years of litigation, which has driven her to poverty, has secured \$3,000 of the \$25,000 insurance due upon the life of her husband, who died at Shreveport, La., in 1872, payment of which was resisted by the company issuing the policies.

A mob took Richard Woods, who assaulted a respectable young lady, from the jail at Leavenworth, Kan., put a rope around his neck and attaching it to the pommel of a saddle, dragged him over a mile, leaving him dead in the road, with every vesting of clothing torn from the body.

—The Commissioner of Pensions estimates that it will require an additional clerical force of one Assistant Chief of Division at \$1,800; fifteen section chiefs at \$1,400 each; 150 clerks of class I at \$1,200 each; 150 clerks of class II at \$1,000 each; 35 clerks at \$1,000 each and five messengers, making an aggregate increase in the force of 221 employees, and an addition to the pay roll of \$257,000.

## SITUATION WANTED

A young lady, who holds a first grade certificate and is competent to teach Music, either as governess or teacher. Address T. M. W., care INTERIOR JOURNAL, Stanford, Ky. 197-1mo.

## LUMBER.

I have for sale all dimensions of seasoned yellow pine framing material. Contractors or parties wishing to buy will find it to their interest to call on me.

REID,  
Stanford, Ky.

WM. AYRES. JAS. G. GIVENS,  
Notary Public.

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Also Notions, such as Handkerchiefs, Collars and Cuffs, Rushing, Corsets, Bustles, etc. I will find me at the rooms lately vacated by Smiley & Warren, next door to the Myers House.

162-2m. KATE DUDDEAR.

## TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

At his solicitation, we accompanied F. K. Tribble to Versailles, Ky., to examine the Helge & Wire fences constructed by the Blue-Grass Fencing Co., which Mr. Tribble represents. We found the fence just as represented in every particular, being absolutely at proof and we also consider it highly ornamental to the farms on which they are constructed. We find upon enquiring the Company are perfectly responsible for all their contracts. We take pleasure in recommending the Company and their fence to all in need of fencing.

A. W. SMITH,  
A. W. CAMPBELL,  
R. G. GIVENS. 190-1m. J. M. SNOW.

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## A Full Line of Wheat Drills and

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—Besides a—

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Always on hand. In connection with my implement business, I will also carry a

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Both rough and dressed. Prices on everything as

## Low as any one.

I solicit a share of your patronage. Respectfully,

112-17r. I. M. BRUCE.

## FIVE COMMANDS!

Thou shalt go to BOURNE'S for all thy Christmas Goods.

Reason: Bourne has just received direct from New York City the nicest and cheapest lot ever brought to this neck of the woods.

Thou shalt buy the medicines from Bourne. Reason: Bourne's goods are pure. Thy life is too valuable to be sacrificed because of inert remedies.

Thou shalt marry soon, very soon. Reason: The goose bone market this is a hard winter, and Bourne's toilet articles will make thee beautiful above thy fellows. (If thou dost not desire to marry, thou dost desire to be envied because of thy beauty.)

Thou shalt go hunting and fishing. Bourne has the materials.

Thou shalt have a baby, a fiddle, an accordion, violin strings, lamps, frames, pictures, mirrors, warranted jewelry.

Bourne has these and the finest lot of candles ever brought to Stanford.

Thou shalt keep in mind that Bourne is the cheapest man (except Dr. Cox) and the best man to do with.

"Roses red, violets blue,  
Bourne's is the place for you. —[Shakespeare.]  
In fact, the half of his glories and fine goods have not been told thee.

DR. W. B. PENNY,

DENTIST,

Stanford, - - - Kentucky.

## THE THOROUGHBREDS

## HOLSTEIN FRIESIAN BULL

## MARQUIS OF ADELIN.

This fine Bull will stand the season now commenced at my stable on the Lancaster Pike, one half mile from Stanford Court House. He is a season, with the privilege of breeding the cow on all the cow proves in calf. Money due when cow is first served.

Marquis of Adeline's sire, Herbert, his sire Imported Apollo and Dan Imported Southern Beauport.

Marquis of Adeline's dam, Adeline, her sire Imported Uncle Tom—dam Imported Lady Fisher. For further particulars as to pedigree see H. F. H. B.

This is a very fine young Bull from a celebrated family of milkers including the cow Echo, the greatest of her day; her owner having taken \$2,000 for her.

The Holstein-Friesian cattle have taken the lead as the best for the family, and a cross with the Shorthorn produces a very fine animal. I will buy all the male calves begotten by this Bull at good prices delivered at weaning time.

W. H. MILLER.

Stanford, Ky.

189-11

## H. K. TAYLOR,

OF LOGAN COUNTY, is a Candidate for the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction, subject to the Democratic State Convention.

## For Sale at a Bargain.

I offer for sale privately in Stanford, Ky., a very desirable residence with seven rooms and porch. Well of water at the door; stable, smoke house, etc. About an acre of ground in the lot. For terms, etc., apply to

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Please communicate with us for catalogue, terms and prices.

S. R. & L. J. COOK, Special Ag'ts,  
Or ROSE E. RICHARD, post-office,  
Stanford, Ky.

References.—A. R. Penny, Mrs. E. M. Carpenter, J. M. Phillips, J. M. Moore and James Beasley, Stanford; Mrs. Maggie Holmes, Crab Orchard; Gen. W. J. Landrum and Miss Lizzie Huffman, Lancaster, Ky.

138-17r.

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